

Hinde

THE
REGISTER-OFFICE;
A
F A R C E
Of TWO ACTS.

Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.
A NEW EDITION.

By JOSEPH REED.



L O N D O N:
Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-
Garden*, and T. BECKET and Co. in the *Strand*.
M,DCC,LXXI.

(Price One Shilling.)

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(The One Sheet.)

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

THE Bard, whose Hopes on Comedy depend,
Must strive Instruction with Delight to blend:
While He, who bounds his less-aspiring Views
To Farce, the Combrush of the comic Muse,
With Pleasantry alone may fill the Scene——
His Business chiefly this; to cure the Spleen;
To raise the pensive Mind from Grave to Gay,
And help to laugh a thoughtful Hour away.

If any quibbling Wit dispute my Thesis,
I'd ask the Use of half our Petty Pieces?
Nay, Sirs, My Question still shall higher climb——
Pray what's the Use of full-pric'd Pantomime?

How does the pleasur'd Eye with Rapture glance
When mingling Witches join in hobbling Dance!
When wriggling Harlequin, the magic Sage,
In horn-pipe Amble traverses the Stage!
When trembling Pierrot in his Quivering shines,
An Ostrich enters, or a Serpent twines!
When headless Taylors raise the laughing Fit,
Or flour-dredg'd Footmen twirl upon a Spit!
But oh! How loud the Roar, how dear the Rumble,
When Scaffolds, Mortar-Boards, and Bricklayers tum-
When Clodpate runs, or limps, or quaintly rears [ble!
From Laundress-Tub his anabaptist Ears!
While all the Wit, these Exhibitions draw,
Is comprehended in the Cry---O Laa!

Our Author, in this awful Court of Drury,
Submits his Cause to an impartial Jury.
No friendly Junto be to Night employs,
To catch, by favouring Hands, the Public Voice:
He sounds on British Candour all his Trust,
Convinc'd a British Audience will be Just.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

HARWOOD		Mr. PALMER.
FRANKLY,	} by {	Mr. J. AICKIN.
GULWELL,		Mr. PACKER.
WILLIAMS,		Mr. ACKMAN.
Lord BRILLIANT,		Mr. FAWCET.
Capt. LE BRUSH,		Mr. KING.
TRICKIT,		Mr. WRIGHT.
SCOTCHMAN,		Mr. LOVE.
IRISHMAN,		Mr. MOODY.
FRENCHMAN,		Mr. BADDELEY.

W O M E N.

MARIA,	} by {	Mrs. SMITH.
MARGERY,		Mrs. LOVE.
Mrs. DOGGEREL,		Miss POPE.
Mrs. SNAREWELL*,		
A GIRL,		

Servant, two Chairmen, and a *Highland* Piper.

S C E N E, London.

* This Character was not permitted to be play'd.



THE *Jos. Reed,*
REGISTER-OFFICE.

ACT I.

Scene, a genteel Apartment.

Enter HARWOOD and FRANKLY.

Fran. WELL, this is the most unexpected Visit!—but prithee, *Harwood*, what, in the Name of Mystery, hath brought thee to Town at this unfashionable Time of the Year?

Har. The Loss of my fair Housekeeper.

Fran. The Loss of *Maria*! Is she dead?

Har. Worse, my dear *Frankly*—elop'd.

Fran. Elop'd! Why I thought you had so great a Regard for each other, that you had been as inseparable as old Age and Avarice, or a Coquette and a Looking-Glass.

Har. I thought so too: but Women are as changeable as their Dresses: there is no answering for the Humours of the Sex—tho' faith I cannot altogether excuse myself in the Affair of our parting.

Fran. Prithee explain.

Har. You know, *Charles*, after the Death of my Wife (whom, with Shame I must own, I never thoroughly lov'd, as she was 'not mine but my Father's Choice) I prevail'd on *Maria*, who was either beggar'd by an unnatural Father or a villainous Uncle, to take upon her the Care of my Family—Her good Sense, Beauty, and Behaviour imperceptibly won my Heart; but my Pride forbidding me to marry a Woman without a Fortune, I made use of every Means in my Power to—gain her Affections.

Fran. I understand you: to gain them in the old Way!

Har.

Har. But the fair *Maria* was so much upon her Guard, or so obstinately, virtuous, that nothing but downright Matrimony would induce her to listen to my Solicitations.

Fran. An unreasonable Gipsy! And so you dropp'd the Affair?

Har. Not quite so hasty in your Conclusions, good Sir—After a vast Profusion of Lying and Swearing, which fail'd of the desir'd Success, I determin'd to make my grand Attack.

Fran. Resolv'd like a Man of Spirit!

Har. And accordingly one Night the last Week,
When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon
And Stars alone shone conscious of the Theft,
Hot with the Gallic Grape, and high in Blood,
 and so forth, I began my Assault—

Fran. Bravo!

Har. It would be needless to tell thee I was repuls'd—In short, the dear, lovely, affronted, virtuous *Maria* so highly resented the Familiarity, that she instantly left the House, and from that Hour I have not set Eye on the fair Enslaver.

Fran. And so you are come to Town to hire a new Housekeeper?

Har. No; to marry my old one, if I can be so fortunate as to encounter her—I must have her!—I cannot be easy without her—I have some faint Hopes of meeting with her, as she was seen on the *London Road*—Which do you think the most likely Way of finding her out?

Fran. Hum!—this requires some Thought—ay—Pray what do you think of a penitential Advertisement?

Har. No, hang it! Should I be discovered for the Author, it would make me too ridiculous.

Fran. That's true I must confess—stay—do you imagine she will be looking after another Place?

Har. I fancy she will, as her Finances must be low.

Fran.

Fran. Then the only Method, I can put you into, is an Application to some of our *Intelligence-Warehouses*.

Har. I don't understand your cant Phrase: Pray what do you mean by an *Intelligence-Warehouse*?

Fran. A *Register-Office*.

Har. Oh! I take you! the Places where Servants may be heard of—pray were not these Offices invented by the ingenious Author of *Tom Jones*?

Fran. They were—The Project hath been, and still is of great Utility to the Public; but as there is no general Rule without an Exception, this laudable Institution hath been strangely preverted, thro' the Villainy and Avarice of some of its Managers—There is an old Rascal in this Neighbourhood, who hath amass'd a tolerable Fortune by Abuses of this Kind. His Office is frequented by persons of every Degree; and, among it's other Conveniences, the good old Trade of *Pimping* is carried on with great Success and Decency. I believe as many Proselytes have been made to the *Flesh*, by the Knavery of this Rascal, as by the most successful Bawd in Town.

Har. So, I find, the old Fellow is a Genius in his Way?

Fran. A complete one—Our old School-fellow, *Jack Williams*, is his Clerk, from which honourable Employment he retires in a few Days to a Stewardship, to which I have lately recommended him.—By his Means I have often had an Opportunity of overhearing some Passages, which have afforded great Humour and Entertainment.

Har. If my Heart were not so full for the Loss of this dear Woman, I could like to throw away an Hour in an Amusement of this Kind.

Fran. That you may this very Morning, if you please—I'll introduce you—It will help to dissipate your Melancholy for the Loss of your fair Deserter.

Har. Psha! I am not in a Humour to relish any Pleasantry—excuse me, *Charles*—some other Time. I'll accept of your Offer.

Fran.

Fran. Since you are so serious, I must insist on your going---Why thou art as melancholy as a superceded Placeman---Come, come, *George*, don't despair!---I warrant we will find out *it's* Charmer in a few Days --You must go with me, *Harwood*.

Har. Then I'm ready to attend you.

Fran. *Allons donc.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a REGISTER-OFFICE.

Enter WILLIAMS.

Wil. The Business of the Morning is partly over --What a Croud of deluded Females have flock'd to this Office within these three Hours, in Expectation of the imaginary Place we have advertis'd! ---A *Register-Office*, under the Direction of so conscientious a Person as *Mr. Gulwell*, instead of a public Good, becomes a public Evil---My upright Master seldom feels any Reflections of this Kind! Avarice is his leading Principle; and so long as he can swell his Bags, by the Folly or Credulity of Mankind, he will not suffer Conscience to hinder him in the Pursuit of Gain---*Mr. Frankly!*---a propos!---I must have his Opinion of this Letter---'tis an Affair too serious to be conniv'd at.

Enter HARWOOD and FRANKLY.

Fran. *Mr. Williams*, your Servant.

Wil. Sir, your most obedient.

Fran. I am come to ask the Favour of your giving this Gentleman an Opportunity of overhearing the Humours of the *Register-Office*.

Wil. Sir, you could not impose upon me a more welcome Command---Sir---I beg Pardon for my Freedom---If I mistake not, I had the Honour of being your Schoolfellow---Your Name I think is *Harwood*?

Har. It is, Sir---I am very glad to see you *Mr. Williams*.

Wil

Wil. Come, Sir, this is no Time for Compliments: I expect my Master every Minute---there is your way, Sir---you may see all that come in thro' the Blind---pray slip the Spring-Lock for fear of a Surprize from my Master---to your Posts, Gentlemen: I think I hear him coming. (*Exeunt Harwood and Franky.*)

Enter GULWELL.

Gul. So this Advertisement has brought in two Pounds, thirteen Shillings!—no very bad Morning's Work!—Well, thanks to the Memory of our witty founder, say I! Had he not luckily hit on the scheme of a *Register-Office*, I might have dangled on at Quill-driving without ever being worth a groat.

Wil. But, Sir, do you think this Calling of ours the most *conscientious* one in the World?—I begin to imagine my old Employment, the *Law*, the more honest Profession of the two.

Gul. Mr. *Williams*, there is Roguery in all the Employments under the Sun. Every Day's Experience will convince you, that there is no getting through the World, without a necessary Portion of Trick and Chicanary.

Wil. Sir, if the Imposture of this very Advertisement were found out and duly punish'd, one or both of us would stand a fair Chance for the Pillory. How many poor Girls have this Morning been stripped of perhaps their last Shilling, by being amused with the Hopes of the Place, we have advertised—I faith, Sir, *some* of our Profession are little better than downright Pickpockets—I am glad I shall have the good Fortune to leave it so soon!

Gul. Mr. *Williams*, I am truly sorry for our separation, yet rejoice at the Occasion of it—however, if you hope to make a Fortune in your alter'd Condition of Life, you must learn to keep your Conscience in proper Subordination. I can assure you, that Fraud is as *necessary* a Requisite in a

Stewardship, as in an Intelligence-Office—Is there no Message from Dr. *Skinflint* about the *Welsh* Living?

Wil. Yes, Sir: he says as Curates are so cheap in *Wales*, he will not take less than a thousand Guineas.

Gul. A spiritual Curmudgeon! Why it is not quite a hundred a Year—I forgot to ask if you called at Captain *Sparkle's* last Night?

Wil. I did, Sir; and was surpris'd to see him so greatly recover'd

Gul. Ay, I thought he would grow better after the *Embarkation*! I never suppos'd him in any very great Danger, because he refus'd eight hundred Guineas, for his Commission, when his Life was said to be despair'd of—Have you finish'd the Assignment of the Surgeoncy?

Wil. No Sir.

Gul. Then get it done, Mr. *Williams*—stay—you must write an Advertisement for the *Daily*—any Time this Afternoon will do—of an Employment to be dispos'd of in *Ireland* of a thousand Pounds per Annum, which requires little Learning or Attendance, and may be executed by a Deputy—Remember to add, that Secrecy is requir'd, and none but Principals need to apply.

Wil. I forgot to tell you, the young Gentleman was here, to know if you had receiv'd an Answer about the Secretary's Place.

Gul. Truly I am sorry I cannot succeed—Fifteen hundred Guineas were insist'd on—I pleaded the young gentleman's acknowledged Merit, and the publick Services of his brave Father, who lost his Life in fighting for his Country, which so fortify'd my Principal, that he sunk his Demand from—

Wil. Fifteen to five hundred, I hope?

Gul. From Guineas to Pounds: I could get no further Abatement.

Wil. It is a pity that such extraordinary Merit should have no better Success.

Gul.

Gul. Ah! Mr. *Williams*, if Places were given to Person's of Merit only, the Lord have Mercy upon many a biglooking Family---Away! here's Company a coming! (*Exit Williams*)
 Heyday! Who have we here? By his looks he must be one of the Tribe of the *Soup Maigres*!

Enter a FRENCHMAN.

French. Be votre Nom Monsieur le *Gulvelle*?

Gul. It is, Sir---Your Business?

French. Sire, me be tell dat dere be de grand Nombre d' *Academies Francoises en Londres*; an me vould be glad to be employé as un *Maitre de Langues*. Me speak a de *Frens* vid de vraie Prononciation; an you see beside ma Connoissance in de Langue *Angloise* be not de most *inconsiderable*.

Gul. O yes, Sir! you speak very pretty *English* I must own!--pray what Business have you been bred to?

French. Bisness! do you means to front a me? me be von of de Gens de *Qualité*.

Gul. How, Sir! A Person of Quality, and so poor as to be seeking after a Livelihood?

French. Vy vere be de Vonders of all dat? Nothing be more commun en *France*--Me dit indeed sometime, pour passer le Temps, amuse my sel vid curl a de Air, and cut a de Corn of mine Comrades de *Qualité* of bot Sex.

Gul. Sir, if you be a Proficient in these Sciences, I give you Joy with all my Heart, for I don't know a more profitable Calling in *London*: nay, nor a more *reputable* one; for its Professors are caress'd by Persons of the first Fashion and Distinction---There's your Countryman Monsieur *Frizelleite de la Cornuille*, a Hair and Corn-Cutter in *St. James's* that keeps his Chariot, tho' 'tis scarce half a score Years, since he would have made a Bow to the Ground for a Bellyful of *Soup-Maigre*.

French. An begar so vould me too!

Gul. Sir, I will cook you up an Advertisement, as long as a Proclamation, that will effectually do your Business: In the mean time, I shall give Orders for one of the *Laconic* kind, to hang in golden Letters over your Door; as "Hair and Corns cut after the French Taste, by a Person of Quality."

French. Ay, dat vil do ver vell Par une Personne de Qualité.

Gul. But, Sir, as you are a Man of Rank, you may perhaps think it below your Dignity to follow any Profession, that has the least Appearance of Business?

French. Non, non, Monsieur: tout a contraire.

Gul. Then I dare venture to say, that in less than a dozen Years, you will be rich enough to return to your native Country, and marry a Princess of the *Blood*---How, in the Name of Wonder, could you think of being a pitiful Teacher of *French* for a Livelihood; when you are possessed of Talents superior to all the Learning in the World?

French. Me vil tell you, Monsieur---it be not more as dix---leven---douze---tirteen---ay thirteen Year, since mon Cousin com'd over to l'Angleterre to teach a de *Frens* in de Boarding-Ecole---Vell, he dit engagé de affection of de *Angloise* young Lady, sa belle Écoliere; runn'd away vid her; and so beggar he getted de Vise, vid not less as von hundred thousand Livres---Now, as mon Cousin could marié de Lady, vid so mush of de l'Argent, vy may not me ope to do the same?

Gul. True, Sir; but there's an ugly Act of Parliament since that Time, which hinders you Fortune-hunting Gentlemen from gaining such Wives.——Well, Sir, you will deposit a small Sum——two or three Guineas or so——and I shall begin the Advertisement.

French. Hey! vat you say! deposit!——Je s'entens pas deposit.

Gul.

Gul. Oh, Sir, I'll soon explain it!—Deposit signifies—

French. Non, non, mon cher Ami!—it be impossible for me to know vat you means; for me do not understand un Mot de la Langue *Angloise*.

Gul. Why, Sir, I thought your *Connoissance* in de Langue *Angloise* had not been de most inconsiderable?

[mimicking him]

French. O Monsieur!—but dat—dat—dat vas une autre chose—quite anoder ting:

Gul. Well, Sir, I must have two or three Guineas, by way of Earnest, before I proceed any further in your Business.

French. Two tree Ginee! begar! me could so soon give you two tree Million---Vat you take a me for? Un grand Voleur? von Tief?---You tink me ave rob your *Inglise* Exchequer; for all de World know dat de Exchequer of my Countrée ave scarce so much to be rob of---Let a me see---me ave no more as von Chelin,---an von,---two,---tree alf Pence.

Gul. Thirteen Pence Halfpenny! a very critical Sum in *England*—Well Sir, you may leave that in Part; I must give you Credit for the Remainder.

[*Frenchman gives him Money.*]

French. Dere, Sir---An so, Monsieur le *Gulvelle*, you tink en Verité me sal ride in my Coash?

Gul. Not at all impossible—Call again in a Week, and you shall see what I have done for you.

French. Begar! you ave élevé' mine 'Art. —Sire, me be votre tres humble, tres obligé, & tres dévoté Serviteur—O mon Dieu! Ride in my Carosse!

[*Exit:*]

Gul. Your most humble Servant, good Monsieur le Carosse—If it were not for the Credulity of Mankind, what a Plague would become of us Office-Keepers!

Enter MARGERY.

Mar. Sur, an I may be so bold, I'se come to ax an

an ye've sped about t' Woman-Servant, at ye advertis'd for?

Gul. I have not—Come nearer, young Woman.

Mar. Let me steck't Deer first, an ye please.

[Shuts the Door.]

Gul. What Countrywoman are you?

Mar. I'fe Yorkshire, by my truly!—I was bred an bwarn at Little Yatton, aside Roseberry Topping.

Gul. Roseberry Topping! Where is that, my pretty Maid?

Mar. Certainly God! ye know Roseberry? I thought ony Fule had knawn Roseberry!—It's t' biggest Hill in oll Yorkshire—It's about a Mile an a hofe high, an as coad as Ice at' top on't i't hettest Summer's Day—that it is.

Gul. You've been in some service I suppose?

Mar. Ay I'll uphode ye have I, ever sin I was neen Year ald—Nay, makins I'd a God's penny at *Strotflah* Market, aboun hofe a Year afore at I was neen—An as good a Servant I've been, thof I say't mysel, as ever came within a pair o Deers—I can Milk, Kurn, Fother, Bake, Brew, Sheer, Winder, Card, Spin, Knit, Sew, and do every Thing, at belangs to a Husbandman, as weel as ony Lafs, at ever ware Clog-Sheen: An as to my Karecter, I defy ony body, gentle or simple, to say black's my Nail.

Gul. Have you been in any Place in London?

Mar. Ay, an ye, please—I liv'd wi Madam *Sbrillpipe*, in St Poles Kirk-Garth, but was forc'd to leave my Place, afore at I had been a Week o Days in't.

Gul. How so?

Mar. Marry becofe she ommost flighted an scaud-ed me out o my Wits---She was't arrantest Scaud, at ever I met wi in my bwarn Days---She had feerly fike a tongue, as never was in ony Woman's Head, but her awn---It wad ring, ring, ring, ring like a Larum frae Mworn to Neeght---Then she wad put hersel into fike Flusters, that her Face wad be as black

black as 't Reeking-Crook---Nay for that Matter I was no but rightly sarra'd; for I was tell'd afore-hand, by some verra sponfible Fwoke, at she was a meer Donnot: howsomsever as I fand my Money grow less an less every Day (for I had brought my good seven an twenty Shilling to neen Groats an two Pence) I thought it wad be better to take up wi a bad Place, than nea Place at oll.

Gul. And how do you like *London*?

Mar. Marry, Sur, I like nowther Egg, nor Shell on't---They're like a set of Fwoke, as I never saw wi my Eyn---They laugh an flier at a Body like ony Thing,---I went no but t'other Day t' Baker's Shop for a Late o Bread, an they fell a giggling at me, as I'd been yan o't greatest Gawvifon i't World.

Gul. Pray what is a Gawvifon?

Mar. Why you're a Gawvifon for not knowing what it is,---I thought ye Londoners ha knawn every thing---a Gawvifon's a Ninny-hammer---Now do you think, Sur, at I look ought like a Gawvifon?

Gul. Not n the least, my pretty Damsel.

Mar. They may bwoast as they will o their Manners, but they have nea mare Manners than a Miller's Horse, I can tell them that; that I can---I wish I had been still at canny *Natton*!

Gul. As you have so great a Liking to the Place, why would you leave it?

Mar. Marry, Sur, I was forc'd, as yan may say, to leav't!---The Squire wad not let me be---By my truly, Sur, he was efter me Mworn, Noon, an Neeght---if I wad but ha consented to his wicked Ways, I might a had Gould by Gopins; that I might---Lo ye, Squire, says I, you're mista'en o me! I'se nane o thea fort o Cattle---I'se a vartuous young woman, I'll assier ye---Ye're others Fwoke's Fwoke---Wad ye be like a Taystrel as to ruin me?---But oll wadn't do: he kept following an following, an teizing an teizing me---At lang run I tell'd my ald Dame, an she advised me to gang

to *London* to be out of his way; that she did; like an onnist Woman as she was---I went to my Cousin *Isbell*; an says I to her; *Isbell* says I; come will you goway to *London*?---An tell'd her the hale Af-fair atween me an the Squire---Odsbeed! says she; my Lads, I'll gang wi thee ti't *World's End*---An an away we come in good yearneft.

Gul. It was a very *varnuous* Resolution---Pray how old are you?

Mar. I'se nineteen come Collop-Monday.

Gul. Would you undertake a Housekeeper's Place?

Mar. I'se flaid I cannot mannage't; unless it were in a Husbandman's House!

Gul. It is a very substantial Farmer's in *Buckinghamshire*---I am sure you will do---I'll set you down for it---Your Name?

Mar. *Margery Moorpous*, an ye please.

Gul. How do you spell it?

Mar. Nay, makins, I knaw nought o Spelder-ing---I'se nea Schollard.

Gul. Well I shall write to him this Evening---What Wages do you ask?

Mar. Nay marry, for that Matter, I wad'nt be ower stiff about Wage.

Gul. Then I can venture to assure you of it---You must give me half a Crown, my pretty Maid---Our Fee is only a Shilling for a common Place; but for a Housekeeper's we have always half a Crown.

Mar. There's twea Shilling, an yan---twea---three---four---fave---fix pen'north o Brass, with a thousand Thanks---God's Prayer light o you! for I'se seer ye're best Friend, I have met wi sin I come frae canny *Tatton*: that you are---When shall I coll again, Sur?

Gul. About the Middle of the next Week.

Mar. Sur, an ye please, gud Mworning to you.

[Exit.]

Gul. Good Morning to you, dear, *varnuous* Mrs. *Margery Moorpous*---So this is a Specimen of
Torksire

Yorkshire Simplicity ; that it is---More Customers!

Enter SCOTCHMAN.

Well, Sir, your Business with me?

Scotch. Gin ye be the Maister o' this Office, my Buziness wi ye is to spear at ye, gin ye can be o' a-ny Service till a peur distrestit Gentleman?

Gul. Sir I should be glad to do a gentleman in Distress any Service in my Power ; especially one of your Country. I have a veneration for the very name of a *Scotchman*---My Father was one.

Scotch. Troth, ye speak vera mickle like a Gentleman, an seem to hae a proper Sense o' *National* Honour---A'm glad that A've been sae sonfy as to fa' into sic Hands---Ye maun ken that my Family is as auncient as ony i' a' *Scotland*, and that by diract lineal Deshent, I sprang frae the great *Jamy Macintosh*, who was Preevy Councillor to King *Sandy* the Second.

Gul. A very considerable Origine indeed!---But pray, Sir, what may have been the Cause of your present Distress?

Scotch. I'll tell ye the hale Matter---When I was a Laddie, I was sae daft to get the ill Wull o' a' my Kin, by the Disgrace I had brought upo' the *Macintoshes*, by pitting mysel Prentice till a cankert auld Carle o' a Sword-Slipper in *Aberdeen*, whase bonny Daughter I was so unsonfy as to click a Fancy to.

Gul. Well, Sir?

Scotch. When I was out o' my Prenticeship, I wanted Gear to begin the Warld wi' : I ax'd a' my Friends, but they girnit at me like the Vengeance---“ Hald ye there, Lad!” quo' they : “ Ye maun e'en pickle i' your ain poke nuke!---As ye bak'd “ ye may brew!”---An the Deel o' owther Gowd or Siller ; nae no sae mickle as a Plack or a Bawbie wald they gie me, unless I wad betak mysel to some mare *Gentleman-like* Occupation---Weel, Sir, I was forcit to wale a new Buziness---They

ga' me Graith enough to buy a Pack; an I turn'd travelling Merchant, whilk the *English*, by way o' Derision, ca' a Pedder, that I might nae langer be a Disgrace to my Kin.

Gul. Why this was a way to retrieve the Disgrace of the *Macintoshes* indeed!

Scotch. Right, Sir, verra right a truly!--But wi' your Permuission, I'll speed me to the tragical Part o' my Story---As I was ganging my gate towards *Portsmouth*, I was attackit by twa Rubbers, wha gar'd me strip frae the muckle Coat o' my Back to my verra Sark; an rubbit me o' a', ay an mare nor a', I could ca' my ain---An no content wi' taking my Gudes, they ruggit my Hair; they pou'd me by the Lugs; they brisset and skelpit me to sic a Gree, that the Gore Blude rin into my Breeks, an my Skin was amaisht as black as Pick---Nay when I gran'd i' meikle Dool an Agonie, the Fallows leugh at my pitifu' Mains, caw'd me an ill-far'd scabbit Tyke; an bad me be gane into my ain crowdie Country to sell Butter an Brunstane.

Gul. The barbarous Villains! Not only to rob and abuse you, but to insult your Country!

Scotch. I wat, it was a downright National Reflection! An a'm sic a Loo'er o' my Country, that it hurt me mare nor a' the whacks they ga' me, an the loss o' my Pack into the bargain---Weel, Sir, A'm now brought to the maist ruefu' Plight, that ever peur Fallow was in, for I canna git Claiths to my Back, or Veetels to my *Wame*---A'm sae blate that I maun starve to Deid, or I can ax Charity; abeit A'm sae hungry, that I could make a braw meal upo' a whin sour Kail, an a Haggise, tane aff a Middling, gif it e'en stank like a Brock.

Gul. Poor Gentleman! I pity your Condition with all my Heart.

Scotch. As I trudge alang the Wynds, I can hear the cawler Waiter, I drink at the Pump, gang jaup, jaup, jaup i' my empty Kyte---Except a Bic-

Fieker o' gud fat Brose, an a Lunch o' salt Beef
whilk I gat last Sabbath-Day aboard o' a wie *Scotch*
Barkie, I ha no had my peur Wame weel steght
this twa Owks an aboon: an Hunger ye ken is
unco sare to bide.

Gul. It is so indeed.

Scotch. Now gin ye can pit me intill ony credi-
table Way o' gitting my Bread, I fall rackon it a
vera great Kyndneis.

Gul. For what Station in Life do you think
yourself fittest?

Scotch. For ony Station, where Learning is ne-
cessary---I care na a pickle o' Sneeshing what it be
---Ye may ken by my Elocution, A'm a Man o'
nae sma' Lair---I was sae weel-leer'd that ilka auld
Wife in *Aberdeen* wald turn up the Whites o' her
Een, like a Mass *John* at Kirk, an cry, "Ay!
" God guide us! what a pauky Chiel is Donald! He's
" sae ald-gabbit tha a speaks, like a Print Buke--I
could like vera weel to be a Latin Secretary till a
Minister o' State, an can say wi'out vanity A'm as
fit for an Office, as ony Man i' the British Domi-
nions.

Gul. Then you understand Latin?

Scotch. Latin! Hout awa' man! hout awa, ye
daft Gowk! Do ye jeer a body? a *Scotchman*, an
not unnerstan Latin! ha! ha! ha! A vera gud
Joke, a-truly!--Unnerstan Latin, quo' he!--
Why we speak it better, nor ony o' his Majesty's
Subjects, an wi' the genuine original Prononciati-
on too--- Ife gie ye a Specimen frae that wutty
Chiel, Maister *Ovid*.---

Parve, nec invidio, sine me, Liber, ibis in urbem,

Hei mihi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo!

Now ken ye, man whether, I unnerstan Latin,
or no?

Gul. Oh! Sir, I see you are a complete Latinist
---Well, if we can't fall in for the Secretary, sup-
pose you should take up with translating a while 'till
something better offer?---there are pretty pickings!

very comfortable Pickings, now and then to be had in that Way.

Scotch. Ony Thing at present to satisfy the Cravings o' my Wame, that is no an-under the Dignity o' my Family---Ye ken the ald Saw, Beggars mun na be chusers---for that Mater, I'se no repine, gif I can but e'en git Bannocks, an Sneeshing till something better fa' out.

Gul. Give me your Name, and Place of Abode, and you may expect to hear from me very shortly.

Scotch. Donald Macintosh---Gentleman---at Maister Archibald Buchanan's, a Tobacco-Merchant---at the Sign of the Highlander an Snuff-Bledder, ower anenst King James's Stairs, Shadwell. [*Gulwell writes*] What's your Charge, Sir?

Gul. Only a Shilling, Sir---'tis a Perquisite to my Clerk.

Scotch. There it's for ye, Sir---[*gives him Money*] I was fain to borrow't o' Sandy Ferguson, the Coal-Heaver; for the Deel a Bodle had I o' my ain.

Gul. Have you got any Body to give you a Character?

Scotch. In troth, I canna say I ha' e'en now!--I ken nea living Sawl in London, but Sandy an my Landlord, that I could ax sic a Favour o' an ablins their Karecter o' me would nobethought sufficient.

Gul. Nay, Sir, it is no very great Matter---it would have sav'd you a Trifle; for when we make Characters, we must be paid for them---We have Characters, as Jockies have Pedigrees, from five Shillings to five Guineas.

Scotch. Weel, Sir, we may tauk o' that anither Time---gin ye succeed, ye'se find me no ungratefu'---Ye sal see I hae no sae mikle o' the fause *Englisman* i' me, as to be forgetfu' o' my Benefactors---A'm afeard A've been vera fashcous; howe'er I'se fash ye naelanger, but gang my Waus Hame---Sir your vera abliged Servant--In gud troth, this is a *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygna*!

[*Exit.*
Gul.

Gul. Your most obedient, good Mr. *Latin Secretary*--- There goes one of the many Fools, that owe their Ruin to Family-Pride---Who's here? ---one of my party-colour'd Customers! Oh! 'tis Lady Vixen's Livery!

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Foot. Sir, my Lady Vixen desires to speak with you, at Mr. Bombazine's, the Silk-Mercer's over the Way.

Gul. Mr. Williams, give an Eye to the Office ---I shall be back in a few Minutes. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the first Act.

A C T II.

Scene continues.

Enter HARWOOD and WILLIAMS.

Har. 'TIS lucky that your Master was sent for, or we should have been certainly puzzled in getting *Frankly* out of the House.

Wil. 'Twas fortunate indeed!

Har. What an infamous Rascal he is! Such a Villain is enough to bring an Odium on the whole Fraternity of Office-Keepers---I hope they are not all like this Master of yours, Mr. *Williams*?

Wil. No, they are not---There are Persons in this Way of Life, of as strict Honour and Integrity, as in any Profession whatever.

Har. A Register-Office, under the Management of an honest Man, must certainly be very serviceable to the Publick?

Wil. Undoubtedly, Mr. *Harwood*---but the old Gentleman is crossing the Street---To your Post, Sir.

(*Exit Harwood.*)

Enter GULWELL.

Gul. Her Ladyship hath releas'd me sooner than I expected---go, get the Instrument finish'd, Mr. *Williams*.

(*Exit Williams.*)

A Combrush for Lady *Vixen*!--(writing) this I believe will be the one and twentieth, she hath had from my Office within these two Years---a special Customer i'faith! Heyday! who have we here? A spruce Coxcomb of the military Cast!

Enter Captain LE BRUSH,

Capt. Sir, your most obedient--Pray an't you Mr. *Geofry Gutwill*, Esquire?

Gul. The same, Sir.

Capt. Then I am come to have a little Talk with you.

Gul. Your Business, good Sir?

Capt. You must know, Sir, I am an Ensign in a new-rai'd *Ridgmen*, to which Post I was advanced through the Interest of my very good Friend and Acquaintance, Lord *Pliant*; whom I had the Honour to serve many Years in the Capacity of a Valet de Chambre---But, Sir, tho' formerly a Servant, I am a Gentleman-born, and have had the Honour of an University *Iddication*.

Gul. Sir, I make no Dispute of it: you have the Appearance of a Man of Consequence---May I crave your Name and Family?

Capt. My Name, Sir, is *Le Brush*---I am commonly called *Brush*, but *le Brush* is the Name my Family was *ariginally*, nay even so lately as *Harry the Eighth*, known by: a Name, Sir, given by Way of Distinction to one of my *Aunt-Sisters*, that was General under *All-afraid* the Great, for so victoriously *sweeping* away *hole* Armies of the Enemy---Our Family had all their Estates *confiscated* in the Broils between the *Yerksbire* and *Lancashire* Line; so that their *Predecessors* have been a little out of Repair to the present Time, and the Name *regenerated* into plain *Brush*.

Gul. Sir, as your Family hath been so long reduced, how came you by the Education you talk of?

Capt. Sir, I was taught to read and write *free-gratis* for nothing at a Charity-School, and attend-
ed

ed Lord *Phant* to the University; where you know there is many Opportunities for a Man of *Talons* to improve himself.

Gul. Right, Sir, such Opportunities, that I have frequently known a Valet return from thence full as wise as his Master.

Capt. Egad, Sir, I see very plainly you're a Gentleman, that knows what's what.

Gul. And pray, Captain, what were your favourite Studies at College?

Capt. Logic and Poetry, the only two Studies fit for a Gentleman; as the first will teach you to cheat the Devil, and the last to charm---the Ladies.

Gul. I should be glad to have a little Conference with you on the latter, for I am a bit of a Dabler in it.

Capt. Then *serously* as a Friend, I would *dis-*
suade you to look out damn'd sharp, or upon my Soul you'll catch a Tartar! For I have not met with any Body, that was fit to hold the Candle to me in Poetry, for a long *Series* of Time---But, Sir, as I am in haste, we had better refer the Dispute at present---any other Time I am at your Service for a *Confab* of a few Hours--I shall run thro' my Business with as *brief* *Prolixity* as possible---At a Country Town, where I was Recruiting, I had the good Fortune to pick up a maiden Lady, pretty well stricken in Years, with a Fortune of three thousand Pounds in the Stocks. Now, Sir, as the Interest of the Money and my present Pay will scarce be sufficient to maintain me---for you know, Sir, a Soldier and a Gentleman is *anonymous* Characters, and a Man in my Office must live up to his Dignity---I say, Sir, as the Interest of the Money is damn'd low, I have a Desire to purchase a Cornacy, or a Company of Foot, that I may be better able to live like a Gentleman.

Gul. Posts of this kind frequently fall under my Disposal--I think it a prudent and honourable Intention in you; as, in case of Mortality, the Provision for your Lady will be larger.

Capt.

Capt. Pho! Dam the old Hag! I don't care if the Devil had her! I have been married above two Months, and was as tired of her in the first Fort-night, as a modern Man of Quality after a Twelve-month's Cohabitation---I have, for these five Weeks past, done every Thing in my Power to break her Heart; but egad it is made of such tough stuff, such *penetrable* Stuff, (as my Friend *Shakespear* calls it) that I believe I shan't be able to *defeat* the Business damme!--In short, my Disappointment hath thrown me into such a hellish *Delimmar*, that the Devil fetch me if I know, for the Blood and Soul of me, how to *execrate* myself out of it! For I want to be rid of her must cursedly that's certain.

Gul. There are Ways---many Ways, Captain, by which such a Business may be brought about.

Capt. True, Sir, my Serjeant *Tom spatterdash*, who is a damn'd *cute* Dog, as any in the *Coppercan* System---You don't know *Tom*? do you, Sir?

Gul. I can't say I have the Honour of his Acquaintance.

Capt. Oh! the most *dreleft*, comicalest Son of a Whore in the *bole* Universe egad!--As I was a saying, *Tom* offered me for ten Pieces to give her a Dose; but no, no; damme! thinks I to myself, I'll not poison the old Beldam neither; It will be the more *fashionable* Way to break her Heart.

Gul. Sir, as you are a *Gentleman*, I would beg leave to ask why you are so desirous of parting with a Woman, who hath been so great a Benefactress to you?---I should be afraid your Patron and his Lady would resent such Behaviour---Will you be kind enough to answer my Question with Truth?

Capt. Truth, Sir, is to be sure, a most *amable* Thing, and what every Gentleman ought to make Use of, As Mr. --- what's his Name?---One of the old *Roman* Philosophers there---*Pyibogorus*, I believe---Ay Squire *Pyibogorus* it was,---used to say, *Sockratas* is my Friend, *Pluto* is my Friend, but
Truth

Truth is more my Friend. So say I, Lord *Pliant* is my Friend, Lady *Pliant* is my Friend, but Truth is more my Friend. And tho' some Persons will affirm that Truth ought not to be spoken at all Times; yet no Philosopher, nor no body else, would ever venture to affirm, but that Truth ought to be spoken at some Times---which being granted--I say, Sir, which being granted; it must follow---necessarily follow, Sir---that tho' Truth ought not to be spoken at all Times, Occasions, and Seasons; yet seasonable Truths may be occasionally spoken at all Times,---But this, Sir, is the very Profundity of Logic, and consequently out of the the Reach of every Capacity; wherefore I shall descend into the *Spear* of Commonsense to be the better understood.

Gul. Sir, I must acknowledge that your Arguments are very *Sublime* and *Logical*; but yet they are no Answer to my Question---Perhaps I have been too rude to press you on the Occasion---there may be some *Lady* in the Case, who---

Capt. Egad! Sir, you're in the Right! I had not been married above ten Days, till I fell most consumedly in Love with a Niece of my Wife's; a Girl of Fifteen, with a damn'd large Fortune!--a most *exquisite* Creature upon my Soul!--In short, she is all the *hole Tote* of my Desires--As that there black *Pellar* in the Play--*Othello Moor* I think they call him--says, *Perdition catch my Soul but I do Love her! and when I Love her not, Chaos is come again!*

Gul. Pray, Captain who is that Chaos?

Capt. And when I love her not, Chaos is come again--Oh! a damn'd fine Sentiment as ever was titter'd--the most Sentimental Sentiment in the World.

Gul. But, Captain, I ask you who is that Chaos?

Capt. Chaos! Lard bless you!--You *pretend* you don't know! A man of your Years and Under-
D standing

standing too!--Fie! Fie! Mr. *Gulwell*!--None of your Tricks upon Travellers!

Gul. Sir, I seldom ask the Meaning of a Word I understand.

Capt. Then you must know Chaos is a---my dear, it is a---a---a---zounds! What shall I say?--The Devil Chaos him---It is a---I can't find Words to express myself properly---It is impossible to *divine* it literally---but Chaos---when a Man speaks of Chaos---in---in---a general way---it is as much as to say--Chaos---Chaos---I can't *divine* it otherwise for the Blood and Soul of me.

Gul. You have not *divin'd* it at all; at least not to my Satisfaction---I suppose, by the Connexion, it signifies dislike.

Capt. Right, Sir, it is a---a---kind of Dislike but not, as one may say, a---a---an absolute Dislike--But, Sir, to *porc'd* in my Story--If I could but break my Wife's Heart, I should assuredly marry my Niece in less than a Month after her Decease--*A seprate Maintainance* won't do, or Mrs. *Le Brusb* should have it with all my Soul, but if we part, you know all Hopes of breaking her Heart are over--She hath offer'd to *seprate*, if I would give her two hundred Pounds in ready Rhino, and annually allow her for Life an annual Provision of fifty Pounds *per Annum* every Year---

Gul. Which you've refused, I suppose?

Capt. Refused! most certainly, Sir! I was almost *quirish'd* with astonishment at the *agregious* Impudence of her Demand---I shall not consent to allow her a Shilling more as Fifteen a Year---She may live very comfortably; very comfortably on it in the *North*.

Gul. Truly, Sir, I think *fifteen* Pounds a Year a very genteel Allowance! especially as she brought you so small a Trifle as *Three Thousand*.

Capt. I think so too egad! But these old *Devils* have no Conscience at all, damme!--Well, Sir, you'll give me an Answer as soon as possible---You may

may hear of me at Mrs. *Dresden's*, a Milliner under the *Peaches*, in *Common Garden*.

Gul. (*writing*) Very well, Sir---I'll talk with a Principal about your Affair this Evening.

Capt. There, Sir---[*gives him Money*] You'll take Care to beat him down as low as possible?

Gul. You may depend on my best Endeavours; most noble Captain ——— [*Exit Captain Le Brush*. Scoundrel I should have said---Why this Fellow's a greater Rascal than myself---But what can be expected from a Coxcomb of his Stamp?---More Company!

Enter IRISHMAN.

Irish. My dear Honey, I am come to thee, if you have Commiseration enough in your Bowels to a poor *Irishman*, to get him a Plaish.

Gul. What sort of a Place are you fit for?

Irish. Upon my Shalwasion, Joy, d'ye see, I am fit for any Plaish alive! I have Strength and Bonesth enough in this Carcass of mine, to do all the Work in the World.

Gul. Have you ever been in Service?

Irish. In Shervish! No to be sure I have not! —Yes, by St. *Patrick*, ever since after I was so big as a Potatoe!

Gul. With whom did you last live?

Irish. With Squire *Macdellan* of *Killybegs*.

Gul. *Killybegs*! Where the Duce is that?

Irish. Why where the Devil should it be but in *Ireland*, my dear Honey?

Gul. But what part of *Ireland*?---What Province?---What County?

Irish. It is in the Provinsh of *Donegal*, in the County of *Ulster*---It is an inland Sea-port Town, where they catch the best pickled Herrings in all *England*---By my fet! he was the best Man of a Maishter between *Derry* and *Youghal*---Arra! I shall never live so well with nobody else, unless I go back to live with him again!

Gul. As he was so good a Master, how came you to leave him ?

Irish. Leave him, Joy ! Because he wanted to make a *bug* and a Fool of me. When I went to go to Plough and Harrow, he would insist on my yoking the dear Creatures, the Mulesh, by the Necks, instead of the Tailsh.

Gul. The Tails ! why is that the *Irish* Custom in Ploughing ?

Irish. Ay, upon my Conscience, it is, Joy ! and the best Cushtom, that ever was born in the World ---I'll give you a Reason for it, Honey---You know when the Trashes is fastened to the Tail, all the rest of the Body is free ; and when all the Car-cash but the Tail goes along, the Tail must follow of course,---Besides, Honey, all the World knows the Strength of every *human* Creature lies in the Tail---Arra ! he wanted to *bodder* me with his dam *English* Tricks ! but the Devil burn me, if honest *Paddy* would not have left twenty Places, if he had been in them all at once, sooner than be put out of the Way of his Country !

Gul. You were certainly in the Right ! I commend your Spirit---But pray how have you liv'd since you came to London ?

Irish. Liv'd, Honey ! As a great many lives in London ; nobody knows how---by my Shoul ! I have only pick'd up five Thirteens for these four Weeks and a half !

Gul. A special raw-bon'd Fellow this ! He will do for America---I must send Word to my Nephew Trappum---Would you like to go abroad, Friend ?

Irish. Ay, my dear Honey ; any way in England, or in Scotland ; but I do not like, d'ye see, to live out of my native Kingdom.

Gul. Oh ! It's only a very short Voyage, a little round the Land's-End-- A Gentleman hath taken a very considerable Farm in the West ; and if I could prevail on him to hire you, you would have

have the sole Management of it--'Twould be the making of you--- You can write, I suppose?

Irish. Yes, upon my Conscience, that I can very well!--May Mark, Honey, that's all---But that's Nothing, my dear; I could get any Body to write for me, if they did but know how.

Gul. That's true---Well, I shall see the Gentleman this Evening, and have little close Talk with him about you.

Irish. Upon my Shoul, the most shivilest Person dye see, that ever I met with since I was an *Irishman*. [Aside.

Gul. Where do you lodge, Friend?

Irish. At the Harp and Spinning Wheel, in Farthing Fields, Wapping; in a Room of my own, that I hire at Nine-pence a Week.

Gul. Your Name?

Irish. Patrick O Carrol.

Gul. O Carrol! give me your Haud---we must be Cousins---my great Grand-mother was an O Carrol.

Irish. Was she by St. Patrick? Then we must be Cousins sure enough!--Where was she born?

Gul. At what do you call the Place, where Squire O Carrrol lives?

Irish. What Provost O Carrol?

Gul. Ay, the Provost.

Irish. Oh! you're a soft Lad! you don't know it was *Ballisbanny*?

Gul. Right, that is the very Place!--Well, Cousin, I should like to be better acquainted with you.

Irish. And so should poor Paddy, by my fet--- You cannot conceive how my Heart dances in the inside of my Bowelsh, to see a Relashon, in this Part of the World, where I expected to see no body at all;—do Honey, put your Head here to feel—fet, Joy, it beats, and beats, and beats, and jumps about in my Belly, like a brustled Pea upon a red hot Fire-shovel—Arra! I knew you to be better

better than half an Irishman, by your Shivility to Strangers.

Gul. Ay, I wish I were wholly so ! but it was my Misfortune to be born in England.

Irish. Upon my Conscience that was almost poor Paddy's Misfortune too ! I was begot in England, but as good Luck would have it, I went over to Ireland to be born.

Gul. Well, Cousin, if you will call on me Tomorrow Morning, I hope I shall be able to give you Joy of your Place.

Irish. I shall, my dear Cusheen—Arra ! Now if I was but my Father, who has been dead these seven Years, I should be for making Song upon you for this Shivility.

Gul. Your Father ? what was he ?

Irish. A true Irish Poet, my dear ; he could neither read nor write—By my fet, Honey, he wrote many an excellent new Song—I have one of his upon Moggy Maclachlen, a young Virgin in Sligo, who he fell in Love with, after she had two Love-begots at one Time, to Squire Con-cannon.

Gul. I should be glad to see it, if you have it on you.

Irish. O yes, my dear Creature, I always carry it upon me—It is in my Head, Honey ; You shall see it in a Minute, if you will give me leave to sing it.

Gul. With all my Heart, Cousin.

Irish. The Devil burn me now, Honey, if I can think of the right Tune, because it never had any Tune at all ;—However, it will go to Larry Groghan.

Gul. By all Means let's have it.

Irishman Sings.

My sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a Bog,

And as wild as a Kitten, as wild as a Kitten :

Those Eyes in your Face--(O pity my Case)

Poor Paddy bath smitten, poor Paddy bath smitten,

Far

*Far softer than Silk, and as fair as New Milk
Your Lilly-white Hand is, your Lilly-white Hand is:
Your Shape's like a Pail; from your Head to your Tail
Your'e strait as a Wand is, you're strait as a Wand is.*

*Your Lips red as Cherries, and your curling Hair is
As black as the Devil, as black as the Devil:
Your Breath is as sweet too as any Potatoe;
Or Orange from Seville, or Orange from Seville.
When dress'd in your Boddice, you trip like a Goddes,
So nimble, so frisky! so nimble, so frisky!
A Kiss on your Cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
Would warm me like Whisky, would warm me like
Whisky*

*I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a Swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel:
No Rest I can take, and asleep or awake,
I dream of my Jewel, I dream of my Jewel.
Your Hate then give over, nor Paddy, your Lover,
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
Or Paddy must die, like a Pig in a Sty,
Or Snuff of a Candle, or Snuff of a Candle.*

Gul. I thank you very kindly; it is a most admirable Song—Well you will be here at Nine To-morrow?

Irish. You may be certain of my coming, my dear Cuslin.

Gul. But hark you—Be sure not to mention a Word of this Affair to any Person whatsoever—I would not have it get Wind, lest any Body else should be applying to the Gentleman.

Irish. Oh! let Paddy alone for that, my dear Creature, I am too cunning to mention it to nobody, but my own self—Well, your Servant, my dear Cuslin. *Exit.*

Gul. Your Servant, your Servant—We must have this fellow indented as soon as possible—He will fetch a rare Price in the Plantations—Odsso! here comes one in a Chair!—I fancy this must be my dear Sister in Wickedness.

Enter

Enter Mrs. SNAREWELL in a Chair.

Dear Mrs. Snarewell, your most obedient—Let me hand you to a Seat, Madam.

Snare. Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! Touch me gently, Mr. Gulwell.

Gul. I am glad to see you abroad again--(*kisses her*) I hear you have had a very bad Night.

Snare. Oh ! The most shocking one that can be imagined ! The Cholic, and my old cursed Distemper the Rheumatise, have plagued me to so violent a Degree that I could not possibly attend your Office in Time---Such Twitchings ! Such Tortures !---I never expected to live 'till Morning, I assure you---Poor Mr. Watchlight, the Tallow-Chandler, was call'd twice out of Bed to comfort me---The dear Man was so fervent in his Prayers, and so earnest in his ejaculations, that I received great comfort and consolation---I was so easy, so composed, so resigned, after I had made my peace that I could have parted with life with as little uneasiness, as a young wife of quality with her *diary* of threescore---Oh ! he's a most heavenly creature, he said such comfortable, moving things !---But what success had the advertisement ?

Gul. Beyond expectation ! I had above fifty damsels with me---You might have cull'd half a dozen at least, that would have answer'd to a T. such fresh blooming creatures !

Snare. The Devil's in my luck to be sure !--Ay, ay ! he owes me a grudge for turning methodist---I have been cursing my fortune in bed these three hours---so violently pain'd, so tortur'd, that I could not rise, though my life had depended on it---I am certainly the most unfortunate woman alive ! The reputation of my house will be utterly blasted for want of fresh faces---O this cursed rheumatise, that it should seize me at such a juncture !---I could cry my eyes out to think on't. [*weeps.*]

Gul. Madam, be comforted ; many of them will be applying to-morrow to know their Success.

Snare.

Snare. To-morrow! But that won't answer my Purpose: I have promised a Virgin to Mr. *Zorobabel Habakuk* to-night

Gul. You must palm some of your freshest Commodities on him for one.

Snare. Palm some of your freshest Commodities, quotha! you are vastly mistaken in your Man!—He is too knowing in these Matters to be imposed on—It would be as difficult to deceive my little *Israelite* in that Point, as a Jury of Matrons—Besides, he pays the Price of Virginity; and I am a Person of more Honour and Conscience, than even endeavour to fob him off with a Counterfeit—I have too strong a Sense of Religion, to be guilty of such a heinous Imposture—No, no, Mr. *Gulwell*! if we expect to be Happy hereafter, we must endeavour to do, as we would be done by—Is there never a likely Girl you expect at the Office to day?

Gul. None that I know of—But pray how stands the Account for the *Irish Lady*?

Snare. Why, Sir, I could not squeeze a Penny more than ten Guineas from the old close-fisted Scriviner; so that I owe you Five—Upon my Soul! Mr. *Gulwell*, you must abate of your Demands for the future! The Expences of a House of Pleasure run so high, that I cannot afford you an equal Moiety of my Procuration—There's Rent, Taxes, Sesses, Repairs, Fire, Candle, Linen, Washing, Cloaths, Connivance-Money, and a thousand other expensive Articles—I can give you no more than a fourth Part: I can afford you no more, as I hope to be sav'd!

Gul. Madam, I can do Business, on my present Terms, with any of the Procureesses in Town.

Snare. Ah! you're a covetous Curmudgeon! but there is no quarrelling with you!—Well, I must be going!—I have promised Mr. *Watchlight* to be at the Tabernacle, to return Thanks for my Recovery—He will preach a Thanksgiving Sermon, and sing an occasional Hymn of his own Com-

posing after the Discourse—Here it is! I've been humming it over in the Chair—O they are sweet Words! divine Words! comfortable Words! I'll get Mr. *Watchlight* to write you a Copy---Oh! he's a good Creature! I can never be out of his Debt for the great Work of my Reformation—'Tis true I've left him all my worldly Substance, except Rings and Mourning to you, and a few Friends—Dear Man! He has promised to lay it out, even to the uttermost Farthing, in building a *Tabernacle*.

Gul. I hope, Madam, you have not disinherited your two Daughters?

Snare. Why I had some Scruples on that Head, but Mr. *Watchlight* remov'd them—He convinced me of the exceeding great Sinfulness of leaving any Thing to Bastards, as it was a *direct* Countenance to the Cause of Lewdness.

Gul. Here's Religion with a Vengeance! [*aside*.

Snare. Oh! he's a good Creature! I should have been Lost! utterly Lost! irrecoverably Lost! if it had not been for his pious Counsel—Well, I shall be with you in the Morning to take a Survey; in the mean Time if you meet with any delicate *young Thing*, be sure to give me Notice—Oh! Oh! Oh!

Gul. Pray what's the Matter, Madam?

Snare. A Return of my late Disorder—Have you no *Holland's* Gin in your Scrutore?

Gul. Yes, I have always a Bottle at the Service of the Ladies. (*Takes out a Bottle and Glass.*)

Snare. Hold! hold! hold! I would not have above a Thimbleful—Mercy on me! You surely think I have the Brain of a *Country* Justice, to bear such a Glass in a Morning!

Gul. I design this Glass for myself—To your better Health, Mrs. *Snarewell*. (*Drinks.*)

Snare. Thank you, dear Sir,--But I am persuaded I can't live long---You had better give me the Bottle; my Hand shakes so violently, that I am

I'm afraid of spilling, if I drink out of the Glass
---I would be a Pity to waste the good Creature.
Come, Sir, Success to our all Undertakings.

(Drinks out of the Bottle.)

Gul. I thank you, Madam---So! the Thimbleful will be half a Pint at least!

Snare. Yes, as I was saying, I am persuaded I cannot live long—I feel the Decays of Nature in me very sensibly! I am wasting and wasting every Day—I must give over this Way of Life, and wholly apply myself to the Care of my precious and immortal Soul—I am grown so feeble and infirm, that I am almost unfit for this World—Oh! Oh! Oh!--there's another Twitch---Pray hand me the Bottle---I must have t'other Thimbleful---Thank you, Mr. *Gulwell*---Chairman!

(Enter Chairmen who help her into the Chair.)

Carry me to the *Tabernacle*--dear Sir, your Servant.

Gul. Madam, I wish you a good Day.

Snare. Go on, Chairmen---Mr. *Gulwell*! Mr. *Gulwell*! ---Have you no Ears, you damn'd Rascals?---Hark you, Sir---If any Thing offers in half an Hour or so, send me Word to the *Tabernacle*.

Gul. I shall, Madam.---

(Mrs. Snarewell is carried off singing a Hymn.)

Let me see---Mrs. *Martin's* fair Lodger was to call to Day---I must not let Mother *Snarewell* see her--I'll market for her on my own Bottom---If she don't turn Restive on my Hands, I shall make a pretty Penny of her---Oh! here comes one of my Right Honourable Customers!

Enter Lord BRILLIANT.

My Lord, your Lordship's most devoted.

L. Bril. Mr. *Gulwell*, I am most immensely glad to see you! Lady *Brilliant*, who by the by is the most whimsical Person alive, hath insisted on the Discharge of Mrs *Candy*; and unless I consent, we shall have nothing but Hell and the Devil to do about the Affair. This is the Curse of marrying a

Tradesman's Daughter for the Sake of her Fortune! My Lady is ten Times more haughty and impertinent, than if she had been born a Woman of Quality.

Gul. And how will your Lordship dispose of Mrs. *Candy*!--She's a very good Sort of a Woman.

Lord Bril. Upon my Honour the most virtuous, inoffensive, deserving Creature on the Globe!--I want to consult you on this very Affair.--You have often the Advowsons of Livings to dispose off? and if I could make a reasonable Purchase of one, of about a *cool hundred* a Year, I would marry her to Mr. *Secondly* my Chaplain, and take his Bond for the Purchase-money. I would not have it lie at too great a Distance; for Mr. *Secondly* is a man, for whom I have so particular an Esteem, that I should like now and then, to give him a friendly Call---But we want a Housekeeper to supply Mrs. *Candy's* Place---Have you never a one to recommend? You know what will please.

Gul. I have one of the finest Women in the World to provide for--I expect her here every minute---Will your Lordship be pleased to step into that Room---You may see her thro' the Lattice---You will find *Rocheſter's* Poems, and the *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* to entertain you---pray retire, my Lord here's Company.

[*Exit Lord Brilliant*

'tis the very Woman!--If she be but of the right Sort, I shall make a pretty Penny of her.

Enter M A R I A.

Ma. Sir, I am come agreeable to Appointment---Have you heard of any Thing that will suit me?

Gul. Madam, I believe I have done your Business: there is a Peer in the next Room, who is in immediate Want of a Housekeeper.

Ma. Is the Nobleman married, or single?

Gul. Married, Madam; to one of the best Women in the World: you will be very happy in the Place

---Her Ladyship is the most generous Woman of the Age---Mrs. *Candy* the the present Housekeeper, has saved a Fortune in the Family, and is going to be married to a Clergyman---shall I call his Lordship?

Ma I had rather first see his Lady---but do as you please.

Genl My Lord!---[*Enter Lord Brilliant*] This is the Lady I told your lordship of.

L. Bril. Madam, your most obedient---Egad, a most angelic Creature!---Madam, I was telling Mr. Gulwell---I say, Madam, I was telling Mr. Gulwell that my Housekeeper is going to be married---and that we shall want one to supply her Place---wherefore if you are inclinable---that is, if the Place would suit, and you can be well recommended---I say, madam, well recommended---for my Lady will take nobody without a sufficient Character---therefore, madam, if---I say, madam, if the Place would suit, and you can have a satisfactory Recommendation, I should be glad to know your Terms---I was never in such confusion in my Life!

Gul. Here's Company a coming!---Please to step into the next Room, and you may talk of the Affair with less Interruption. (*Exeunt L. Bril. and Ma.*) So! so! matters seem to go on very promisingly!

Enter Mrs. Doggerel, and a Girl.

Hey day! what whimsical Figure is this? she seems to be of the Family of the Slammekins!

Mrs. Dog. Mr. Office-keeper---I forget your Name, tho' I have seen it so often in print.

Gul. Gulwell, Madam---pray be seated.

Mrs. Dog. I come, Mr. Gulwell, to enquire after a Person that can write Short-hand: I want an Amanuensis.

Gul. An Amanuensis, Madam?

Mrs. Dog. Yes, Sir, an Amanuensis is to take down my Ideas. They flow upon me in such Torrents,

rents. that I cannot commit them to Paper a tenth part so fast as I could wish—My Name, Sir, is not altogether unknown to the literary World. You have undoubtedly heard of the celebrated Mrs. Slatternella Doggerel, the Dramatic Poetess?—Hey, have not you?

Gul. O yes, Madam, ten thousand Times—Tho' the Devil fetch me if ever I heard of the Name before! I thought she was of the rhyming Sisterhood, or a mad Woman, which is pretty much the same. [aside.]

Mrs. Dog. I have written, Mr. a—a—What's your Name, Sir?

Girl. Gulwell, Mamma, is the Gentleman's Name.

Mrs. Dog. Ay, ay, Child—I have written, Mr. Cullwell, no less than nine Tragedies, eight Comedies, seven Tragi-comedies, six Farces, five Operas, four Masques, three Oratorios, two mock Tragedies, and one Tragi-comi-operatico-magico-farcico-pastoral, dramatic Romance, making in the whole, as Scrub says, five and forty.

Girl. Yes, Sir, five and forty.

Gul. And pray Madam, how many of them have been brought upon the Stage?

Mrs. Dog. Not one, Sir; but that is no Diminution of their Merit; for while the Stage is under the Direction of People that scribble themselves, it is no wonder they are so backward in producing the Works of Others. As what do you call 'um says in the Play, "who the Devil cares for any Man, that has more wit than himself,"—Hey, Mr. Culwell?

Gul. Very true, Madam—but suppose we should beat about for a Patron among the Great?

Mrs. Dog. A Patron, quotha. Why the very Word, applied as an encourager of literary Merit, is almost obsolete. You might as soon find a real Patriot, as a real Patron. Our great Men are too much engaged in the Trifles and Follies of the Age, to give themselves any Concern about dramatic

matic Genius---Indeed if I could submit to write a Treatise on the Science of Gaming, a new History of Peerage, or an Essay on improving the Breed of Running-Horses, perhaps some of our right honourable Jockies might vouchsafe to give me a Recommendation, to their brother Jockies of the Theatrical Turf.

Gul. Madam, I am of opinion. that a well-written Pamphlet, in favour of the Ministry, could not fail of procuring you a Patron.

Mrs. Dog. And so you would have me sacrifice Conscience, to Interest, you strange Creature, you?

Gul. Conscience! Madam! what have Authors, that write for Bread, to do with Conscience? A learned Professor in the Law, though he has amassed even a ministerial Fortune at the Bar, will for a few Guineas prostitute his Eloquence, by pleading in a bad Cause; then why should not a poor Devil of an Author, against his Conscience, brandish his Pen in a political Squabble, to keep himself from starving?

Mrs. Dog. But what Author of true Genius could ever stoop to write a parcel of dull Stuff about Inns and Outs? No, no; depend on't, the most certain way to get my pieces on the Stage, will be to go upon the Stage myself---Many ricketty dramatic Brats have been allowed to crawl upon the Stage, which would never have made their theatrical Appearance, if they had not been of theatrical Parentage.

Gul. Madam, your Observation is very just.

Mrs. Dog. But pray, what do you think of my Person? with a large hoop, instead of this Trollopee, should not I make a tolerably-elegant Figure in Tragedy, nay, not to say magnificent one?

Gul. The most elegant, and magnificent in the World.

Mrs. Dog. I once play'd Belvidera with some of my city Acquaintance, and got such prodigious Applause, that Mr. Alderman Loveturtle came wad-

waddling up to me, with a, "Madam, you have play'd the part so finely, that though I love good eating better than any thing in the World, I would mortify upon Bread and Water a whole Month for the Pleasure of seeing you play it again."

Gul. Madam, you are an excellent Mimic.

Mrs. Dog. And what has rais'd the Reputation of some Performers so much as Mimicry?---But I'll give you a Speech in Belvidera's mad Scene.

Gul. Madam, you will oblige me greatly.

Girl. My Mamma speaks it delightfully, I assure you, Sir.

Mrs. Dog. Take my Cap, Melpomene---I must have my Hair about my Ears; there is no playing a mad Scene without dishevell'd Hair.

Ha! look there!

My Husband bloody and his Friend too!--vanish'd!
Here they went down!--O I'll dig, dig the den up--
Ho! Jaffier, Jaffier!

Girl. Pray don't cry, Mamma--don't cry. *(weeps.)*

Mrs. Dog. Pray, Mr. Gulliver, lend me your Hand to help me up---Well, what do you think of this Acting?

Gul. I am astonish'd at it---Why don't you apply to the Managers?

Girl. My mamma did apply to one of them.

Mrs. Dog. Yes, and spoke that very Speech.

Gul. And what did he say? Was he not in raptures?

Mrs. Dog. So far from it, that he did nothing all the while, but titter, and he! he! he!

Girl. Yes, he did nothing but titter, and he! he!

Gul. Titter, and he! he! he! *[They all force a Laugh.]* Pray has miss any Turn for the Stage?

Mrs. Dog. Yes, yes; I shall breed her up myself. With her own Capabilities, and my Instructions, I don't doubt but she will make all our Tragedy Heroines turn pale---she will Eclipse them all I warrant her---I have already taught her the Part of Sappho in my two Act Tragedy of that Name. Give the Gentleman a Speech, *Melpomene.*

Girl.

Girl. Yes, Mamma—Where shall I begin?

Mrs. Dog. At “O Phaon! Phaon”—You are to observe, Sir, that all my Tragedies are written in Heroics: I hate your blank Verse; it is but one remove from Prose, and consequently not sublime enough for Tragedy.—Now begin, Melly.

Girl. “O Phaon! Phaon! could my Eyes impart,

“The swelling throes, and tumults of my heart.”

Mrs. Dog. The swelling Throes and Tumults of my Heart! Child, you are too languid by ten thousand Degrees. Your Sister Calliope would speak it abundantly better—Nay little Clio, that is not quite three Years old, could not speak it worse. Give it more Energy, Child—Set yourself a heaving like a Tragedian out of Breath—It should be spoke thus—The swelling Throes and Tumults of my Heart.

Girl. “The swelling Throes and Tumults of my Heart,

“Thou never wouldst thy Sappho’s Love desert.”

Mrs. Dog. There’s a pathetic Speech for you!

Gul. Very pathetic indeed! And this little Dear hath spoke it like an Angel.

Mrs. Dog. I’ll now give you a Touch of the Pompous—“By Hell and Vengeance!”—I forgot to tell you it is the Turnkey’s Soliloquy in my Tragedy of Betty Canning.

“By Hell and Vengeance Canning shall be mine!

“Her, but with Life, I never can resign.

“Should Ætna bar my Passage to the Dame,

“Headlong I’d plunge into the sulphurous Flame;

“Or, like the Titans, wage a War with Jove,

“Rather than lose the Object of my Love.”

Gul. Madam, this must have a fine Effect. It will certainly bring the House down, whenever it is play’d.

Mrs. Dog. You sensible Creature, I must embrace you for the kind Expression—Yes, yes, it must have a fine Effect, or it never would have had

a run of fifty nights--I assure you it was play'd no less than fifty nights by Mr. Flockton's Company.

Gul. Flockton's Company? Pray who is Flockton?

Mrs. Dog. He is master of the best Company of—Puppets in England.

Gul. So then your Piece has been play'd by wooden Actors, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Dog. Wooden Actors! and why this Sarcasm on wooden Actors? Pray Sir, let me ask you, what Piece is now-a-days play'd without wooden Actors?—Well, Mr.---a Culpepper---

Girl. Lud! mamma, what a queer Name is that! they call him Gulwell.

Mrs. Dog. My dear, I knew his Name begun with either Gull or Cull---I ask your pardon, Sir; I am frequently so envelop'd in Thought, than I even forget my own Name; I hope, therefore you will not take it amiss, that I should not remember yours.

Gul. No Apology, madam.

Mrs. Dog. Well Mr.---a---Gullcatcher, if you hear of an Amanuensis, pray give me the most early Intelligence.

Gul. But I hope, madam, I shall not offend you in asking you how he is to be paid?

Mrs. Dog. Paid? why I really did not think of this ---Let me see---suppose---no this won't do---hum---ay: He shall have a tenth part of the Profits of my future Productions---He shall tythe 'em.

Gul. Madam, I feel for your young Muses, and can dissemble with you no longer. Take my Advice. Go immediately home, and burn all your pieces; for I am certain you'll never make a Shilling of them, unless you sell them for waste Paper.

Mrs. Dog. Waste Paper? Heaven and Earth! such excellent Compositions go for waste Paper?

Girl. Waste Paper indeed! I should not have thought of Waste Paper!

Gul. Burn them all immediately. Give me your solemn Promise to leave off scribbling, and if any Place

Place, worthy your Acceptance, fall in my way, I will endeavour to fix you in it.

Mrs. Dog. What! sacrifice immortality, for a place!--I must tell you, Sir, you're an envious, impertinent, self-sufficient Puppy, to presume to advise me, who have a million times your Understanding.

Girl. Yes, a million times your Understanding.

Mrs. Dog. Waste Paper! O ye Gods!--If I had the Wealth of Cræsus, I would give it all to be reveng'd on this affronting Savage. *Exit.*

Girl. Ah! you're a naughty Creature to vex my poor mamma in this manner! *Exit.*

Gul. So! This comes of my plain dealing! I am rightly serv'd for endeavouring to Wash the Blackamoor white.

Enter Mrs. Doggerell and Girl.

Mrs. Dog. I'm return'd to tell you that I will have ample Vengeance for this Indignity. I will immediately set about writing a Farce called the Register-Office, in which I will expose your Tricks, your Frauds, your Cheats, your Impositions, your Chicaneries--I'll do for you!--I'll make you repent the Hour wherein you had the Impudence and ill-nature to advise me to burn all my Pieces—By all the Gods I'll write such a Piece against you! Then like thy Fate superior will I sit,

And see thee scorn'd and laugh'd at by the Pit;
I with my Friends will in the Gallery go,
And tread thee sinking to the Shades below. *Exit.*

Girl. And tread thee sinking to the Shades below. *Exit.*

Gul. The Woman takes it mightily in dudgeon! my Friend Harry Tricket? What can be his Business?

Enter TRICKIT.

Trick. Well, Sir, you receiv'd my Letter?

Gul. Letter? what Letter?

Trick. The Letter I sent you this Morning.

Gul. Not I indeed---pray how did you send it?

Trick. By a Ticket-porter, whom I order'd to call in his Way to the Banker's.

Gul. He must have forgot it---what wa'st about? speak low; there's Company in that Room.

Trick. My Niece is going to file a bill in Chancery against me, to set aside her Father's Will. She will be supported by the Gentleman with whom she now lives---I was told it this Morning by a Friend, who din'd with him a few Days ago in *Somersetshire*---Now, Sir, as Mr. *Williams* is going to leave you, he will perhaps begin to squeak; and then I shall not only lose the Money, but my Life into the Bargain.

Gul. It is not in his Power to do you any Injury: he was not privy to your Brother-in-law's signing a *counterfeit Will*, but only called hastily in to witness the Signature. The other Evidence is dead, wherefore there is no Danger from that Quarter---Don't be afraid; I'll answer for the Validity of the Will---I thought you had known the *Law* better in these Cases, than to be afraid of such a *Bugbear* as a Chancery-Suit!

Trick. You have given me some Comfort: I have been very uneasy these three Hours.

Ma. [*within*] Help! help! Murder! help!

Enter HARWOOD and WILLIAMS.

Har. Ha! my *Maria* in Danger! (*Enter Maria.* What's the Matter, my Dear?

Ma. Good Heaven! Is it you Mr. *Harwood*? I am so frighted and out of Breath, that I can scarce speak---A noble Villain, hath attempted my Ruin.

Har. Let me secure the Door, least these Villains escape, and I shall punish the right honourable Scoundrel---(*locks the Door*) there's the Key, Mr. *Williams*---Frankly and the Officers must soon be here---Now for his Lordship. (*Exit.*

Trick. My Niece and her Master!

Gul. The Devil they are!

Enter

Enter HARWOOD dragging in Lord BRILLIANT.

Har. Now, my Lord, if your Life be worth preserving a few Minutes, draw.

L. Brit. Sir, this is no proper Place for a Duel.

Har. Not so proper, as the other Room for your Lordship's *intended* Purpose; however it will do—come, my Lord, you must fight me, or ask your Life—You can fight, I am sure; for I have been a Witness of your Lordship's Courage in *Flanders*—Why don't you draw?—Do the one or the other, or I shall dishonour the Peerage of my Country, by kicking your Lordship out of the Room.

Lord Brit. Sir, in a bad Cause I think it no Diminution of my Honour to own myself to blame, and wish it were in my Power to make her due Satisfaction for the intended Injury.

Har. This is talking like the Peer and the Gentleman---My Lord, I'm satisfied-----I have some Questions to ask Mr. *Trickit*, and shall take it as a particular Favour, if you will be kind enough to leave us for a few Minutes.

Lord Brit. Sir, I shall withdraw; and if I can serve either you or the Lady, you may freely command me.

Har. I humbly thank your Lordship---Mr. *Williams*, pray unlock the Door. [*Exit L. Brit.* I am sorry Mr. *Trickit*, there should be such a Brace of Rascals in the World as you and your Friend, Mr. *Williams* open'd this Letter, on a Supposition of it's being relative to the Business of the *Register-Office*,--- I need not tell you it is a Proof of a Piece of Villainy, sufficient to hang you both: however in Consideration of your Family, I shall let your Crime slip unpunished, on Condition of your restoring the Money, of which you have robb'd your Niece by a villainous Will.

Trick. Sir, I acknowledge my Offence, and will make whatever Restitution you require.

Har. Enough, Sir---Mr. *Williams*, I see
Fraukly

Frankly and the Officers at the Door---pray step out, and tell him we have made up the Affair.

Wil. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Trick. I beg leave to inform you, by Way of lessening my Offence, that this Villain put me upon the Fraud, and afterwards insisted on a thousand Pounds for his Advice and Secrecy.

Har. I am sorry it is not in my Power to make an Example of him, without exposing or punishing you: However, if he will not agree to restore the Money, he shall be given up to Justice.

Gul. Sir, I shall restore it whenever the Lady pleases.

Enter FRANKLY and WILLIAMS.

Fran. Well, you've brought 'em to terms I find?

Har. Ay, thanks to my friend *Williams*, we have.

Enter IRISHMAN.

Irish. My dear Cushin, after I went away before, I forgot to remember to pay you for your Shivility; therefore I am going to come back again to be out of your Debt.

Gul. Never mind it, Cousin---any other Time.

Irish. Arra! I am a Person of more Honour than to continue in nobody's Debt, when I owe him nothing. Besides, if I should be taken sick, and die of a Consumption to Night, you might tell me to my Face the next Time I seed you, that I stole out of the World on purpose to cheat you--There, my dear Cushin. (*Beats Gulwell.*)

Enter SCOTCHMAN and HIGHLAND PIPER.

Gul. Oh! Oh! Oh! Murder! Murder!

Irish. Upon my Shoul you lie now, Hone for it was only a Shivil Beating.

Gul. A Plague on such Civility say I!

Enter FRENCHMAN.

Scotch. Lay on Lad; for the Deel burst me an I bid ye hald your Hand, gin ye skelp him this fix Hours---Here's *Wully*, tells me he's as great a *Faw*, as e're swang in a Helter.

French.

French. Begar ! so say monsieur la *Fricasie*.

Har. Gentlemen, what is the Matter between you and this Office-Keeper ?

Irish. Matter, my dear Joy ! Nothing at all---I am only paying him for getting me a Place in the West---Ah ! the Devil West you my Dear ! Your West is some of the Plantations in the *East-Indies*, where Pickpockets are sent to---This Kidnapping Rascal was going to send me into the other World to be turn'd into a black Negro---I had gone sure enough, but for *Macarrell O Neil*, whom I overtook, as we run against one another in your English *St Patrick's Church-Yard*---*St. Paul's*---He told me this Scoundrel had transported three *Irish* Hay-makers over Land to the Plantations, on Pretence of getting them Places in the West---I'll Plantation you, you Tief of the World.

Scotch. And troth, *Wully* tells me he play'd e'en sic a Trick, to twa of my Conntrymen.

French. Begar ! Me vill have one Kick at the Fanfaron for my von Chelin and tree alspence.

Irish. Hold, my dear Creature!--Don't lift a Hand at him I beseech you ! For no Foreigners, but the *Irish*, must pretend to kick an *Englishman*,

French. Den pray give him von Kick for me.

Irish. Kick him for a *Frenchman* ? I would sooner lend him a hand to kick all you outlandish Pickpockets out of the Nation.

Scotch. What think ye, Lad, an we tak him to the neist Horse-Pool, an wash the Fleas aff him ?

Irish. The Devil burn me but that is the very Thing, I was just going to think of My dear Cushin, you must go along with us.

Gul. I beseech you, Gentlemen, don't disgrace me so publickly.

Scotch. Troth, we'se no care a *Bawbie* for that---Come, gie's a Lilt ; we'se carry him aff i' musical Triumph---Do ye guard him behind. Man.

Irish. Let me alone for that, Honey ---If he offer to run away, I'll knock him down as dead as ever he was born

(*They hurry him off.*)

Har.

Har. There is so much Justice in the Rascal's Punishment, that I was resolved not to oppose it--- Now, dear Maria, I have two Favours to ask of you, both of which I hope you will grant me.

Ma. Sir, you have been my Deliverer, and cannot ask any Thing with Honour, that I shall refuse.

Har. First then, I must desire you to forgive my late Offence. In the next Place, to return with me to Somersetshire ; not in the capacity of a House-keeper, but a Wife---Don't imagine the Recovery of your Fortune hath induced me to this Proposal--- Mr. Frankly can convince you the sole Intent of my Journey to town was to marry you.

Ma. Sir, I don't dispute your Veracity ; and must belie my own Heart if I make any Objection to your honourable Proposal.

Har. An honest Girl ifaith ! let us step to Frankly's, and I'll order my Post Chariot to drive us to Doctors Commons---My Friend Charles, and Mr. Williams will be kind enough to attend us.

Fran. With all my Heart---So the Adventure of the Register-Office hath turn'd out a lucky Affair ?

Har. Fortunate for me indeed ! And were I not convinced of the Service arising to the community, from the institution and proper management of a Register Office ; I should be apt to conclude, from the Trick, Villainy, and Chicanery I have seen within this Hour, that none but a Fool or a Knave would ever set Foot within its Walls. *Exeunt.*

The E N D.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

TO obviate the Charge of Plagiarism in the Part of Mrs. SNAREWELL, it may not be unnecessary to declare, that the REGISTER-OFFICE was put into Mr. Foote's Hands near Two Years before he published his MINOR,

